When a Girl Marries

EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

A Story of

Y husband's out of town

fust now. So many busi-

ness men are away. He's sone, too." I tossed off in a manner I tried to make sound entirely

I didn't feel, however, that I'd

taken care of the threatened situa-tion. I'd tried to lump Jim's ab-sence in with Tony's and Neal's, but I was afraid it didn't rins true

and I wasn't yet prepared to allbi my husband convincingly. So I was grateful for the nearness of Tony's car and the diversion afforded by stowing our baggage in it and giv-

I knew perfectly well that Father Andrew would be frightfully wor-ried by the story of Jim's journey. But even the thought of his uneasi-

ness didn't seem as vital as a strange suspicion that welled up in

my mind.
"This new father of mine mustn't

"This new father of mine mustn't learn one thing about Jim's absense," I told myself. And I found I was forming the words with silent lips as if they were a vow.

Almost as if he were answering me, the prodigal father piped up again the instant after we'd set-

ANXIOUS TO SEE JIM.

"I'm anxious to see this Jim of yours. Hear he's a great swell and

making money fast. That's right, That's right, my dear. Nothing like

knowing how to pick a winner. Hope your young man will romp

in under the wire soon."
"I hope so," I replied with coldness I couldn't keep out of my

Then I felt dear Father Andrew's hand slide over mine. Winking back the tears of humiliation and

self-pity which had come to my eyes at the thought of the Harri-

the "two old men" went in to wash up a bit, I was glad to comply. I wanted

to be alone with my thoughts.
So while Father Andrew and
Dad Lee west into the hotel to secure accommodations, I sat out in
the limousine taking stock of myself and my attitude toward the

tled ourselves in the car:

BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Romance of Society In Which a Poor Rich Girl Sponsors a Rich Poor Girl.

in my life at one time before! Be-sides that, I've got more than \$200 in the bank, and in another ten days there'll be \$300 more. I as-sure you that the sensation that

thought gives me makes me feel more like a Chesebrough, a descendant of Governor Page, and a great-niece of United States Senator Pell than I have for a long time!

"To be sure, Aunt Annie may not

treat me to tea when next I go to the club, but tea costs 25 cents, Sid, and you can buy quite a let for \$500!"

"Girl, I may be marrying you for your money!" he said earnestly, as he lazily rose, and began to gather

sticks for a fire. Patricia, her arms crossed, her eyes smiling ab-sently into the blue distance, did

not answer.

The delicious odor of boiling coffee drifted into the warm after-

noon air, and Patricia unpacked sandwiches and arranged peaches

They feasted slowly, steeped in peace. The smoke of their fire rose straight into the thinnig leaves

overhead, a dragon-fly whizeze by, and lizards baken on the warm,

The conversation wandered idly; but returned again and agin to

Patricia's new work, and the new plans. It was long since they had a chance to speak freely and confi-

dently, it was a longer time since there had been anything of such absorbing vital interest to discuss.

"Sid, will you paint Beatrice Palmer?"

"And when you've painted her, will you give her a studio tea, to

show the portrait?"
His eyes narrowed, and he smiled.

philosophically.

"I wish you would!" she said

Silence. Then Sidney shrugged

"CONSIDER IT DONE."

"Consider it done. When you speak to me thus, Pat, I can't refuse you naught! I—by George.

they'll pay for the tea, though,' he added, with sudden fire. "I've

six months. I'll charge them three

"Charge them anything you please." Patricia said contentedly.

After a pause she added demurely, "Three hundred is your price, mon

He laughed, a little disconcerted.

"Well, that's fair enough!"
"Of course it is!" she said

quickly; "that's just what I'm finding out! It's all fair. Uncle Paul buys farming land at farm prices because he knows there is oil there; Christine ways that she doesn's ask poor little Amy Berry to her house because she is divorced, and then she entertains that Mrs. Malcolm from Working.

that Mrs. Malcolm from Washing-ton who has been twice divorced!

All one needs is a little courage to

thing half as serious to the family

nonor as the recent Chambers will

"You couldn't do anything that

would make you less than the love-

liest woman ahve!" he smiled

The fire was out, and the short

afternoon was moving toward its close when they came back through

the woods. At the turn just above the farmhouse Sidney suddenly drew

her to him, with a big arm, her cheek brushed the homespun cost,

and he tipped her face up for one

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(To Be Continued Monday.)

Prize Cake

Recipes

Washington's Best Sub-

mitted in Times Cake

Contest-Clip Them.

COCOANUT CARE.

of milk, % cup butter, whites of 4 eggs, 1 teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons

Sift the sods and cream tarter with the flour and add the beaten whites of eggs last. Bake in three

Put togther with frosting made

of the whites of two eggs well beaten. 2 cups of sugar boiled in a little water until it will harden

when dropped in water. Then pour on the eggs and beat until cold.

Spread on cake and sprinkle with cocoanut.—MRS. WADE H. BROWN,

PLAIN CAKE.

3 teaspoons of baking powder.

Grated rind of 1/2 orange.
Cream butter and sugar, yolks of eggs and milk, baking powder sift-

with the flour, last add the

1900 S street northwest, apt. 41.

cup of butter

1 1-3 cup of sugar.

cups of flour.

1 cup of milk.

Pinch of salt.

4 eggs.

cream tartar.

2 cups sugar, 3 cups of flour, 1 cup

of their rare kisses.

do anything, Sid! I shan't do any-

"Will I? My sweet child, I'd paint

stone surface of the dam.

and pears upon a leafy platter.

+ swered. "Yesterday I went down-town and spent \$50 for pretty white things; I've never spent \$10 What Has Gone Before.

By Kathleen Norris. Rachel," "Sisters," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters," and Other Pamous Stories.

ramous Steries.

O on as I was? Why I was in debt," Patricia protested eagerly. "I was respecting Aunt Louise's command that she was not to be worried, and I was carefully concealing my financial condition from Aunt Annie because money distresses her, and I was cheerfully lying to Christine because Christine always says that she feels that Uncle Aleck—my father, Sid!—could have managed it all so differently if he had only heen wise enough to take Uncle Paul's advice!" The girl's voice dropped, and she started for a few seconds at the water, with gloomy dropped, and she started for a few seconds at the water, with gloomy eyes. "Why, they knew how I am placed, and which one of them aver held out a hand to help me!" she finished, in a low tone, with a sudden glitter on her dark lashes.
Sidney had rolled over on his folded arms; and was watching her

"But if they won't stand for the "Oh, they have no choice!" she the secrets of the Page, Chambers, and Throckmorton families for

You have burst off the reservation, and gotten to the firewater, I can see that!" he said, laughing, but with a real concern in his eyes. "To perdition with noblesse oblige, is that it?"
"Not exactly" she healtated

"Not exactly," she hesitated. But I can't do the thing half-But I can't do the thing half-heartedly. Beatrice Palmer is just as nice a girl as any I know, and I intend to prove it. There'll be nothing radical. I don't mean to make any trouble. But I have an idea how to handle my various relatives—where each one's weak spot is, as it were, and I imagine that I can manage them! A JOYOUS REDIEF.

Tou see, they've always had things their own way, Sid. They've always been in a position to say. Amuse us, Pat, flatter its be grateral to us for what we choose to do for you! Watch he buy seventy dollar hats, help us pack trunks for New York and California, we'll give you a dress now and then, and a lift in the limsine! But always remember that you are a Chesebrough, always remember that our persons and our purses are sacred, never do anything that will offend us!" "Why," said Patricla angrily, well launched now, "I've seen other

members of our family get poorer and more pitied and less noticed cary year, just for money, and for nothing else! "Annie Throckmorton herself changed from St. Thomas' Church

to All Saints just because poor bid Cousin Caroline used to hobble into Saint Thomas' every Sunday, and croak out to the sexton that the wanted to be put in her niece's Sidney, who had been rather un-

comfortable during the earlier part of this flery outburst, laughed out 'Oh, I love that!" he said with deep relish. "If everything goes as we hope,"

the girl said seriously. "I will go on to New York next year, and then you and I start the new life there, it won't matter much to me that Christine Bruce tells Joel once a week that she can't understand what sot into Patricia last winter!"
Her voice was confident, but Her voice was confident, but in a rustle of bright leaves, and usual with him, said decidedly: more serious tone than was "Of course you're perfectly right! Go to it, Pat. It's all a farce, anyway, this talk of who's in and who's not in society, and why we all go buzzing about it like a lot of bandar-log. I never have been able to see! You're perfectly right!

"The Palmers at least pay for hat they want, and your aunts and cousins expect you to play their game for nothing at all. Give the I will get out, and forget the whole eroud of them! You've nothing to loose!"

"Well, that's what I'm just beginning to realize, Sid," she an-ADVERTISEMENT.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute

blets take its place. Headaches, "duliness" and that lazy

eling come from constipation and a sordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' live Tablets when you feel "logy" and heavy." They "clear" clouded brain of "park up" the spirits. 15c and 30c.

beaten whites. ICING. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the sub-stitute for calomel—are a mild but sure leastive, and their effect on the liver is 1 lb. confectioner's sugar. Thite amost instantaneous. These little olivecolored tablets are the result of Dr.
Edwards' determination not to treat
liver and howel complaints with calomel.

The pleasant little tablets do the
good that calomel does, but have no
had after effects. They don't injure the
treath like strong liquids or calomel.

They take hold of the trouble and
cuickly correct it. Why cure the liver
et the expense of the teeth? Calomel
sometimes plays havor with the gums.
So do strong liquids. It is best not to
take calomel. Let Dr. Edwards' Olive
Tablets take its place.

Headerster "full lear" DECORATIONS.

of egg, little lemon tuics and two tablespoons of water, mix all to-gether very good and spread over

2 tablespoons almond paste. 2 tablespoons confectioners sugar. 1/2 white of an egg Few drops of coloring. Mix all together until smooth.

roll out, cut and shape flowers by using your hands and a knife.—Mrs. Sigrid Larsen, 310 Delaware avenue

COCOANUT CAKE. 6 eggs.

21/2 cups sugar. 4 cups flour. pint cream.

teaspoons Royal Baking Pow-

2 teaspoons extract of lemor Bake in moderate oven.—Tessie Hillman, Seat Pleasant, Md.

Neighborly Secrets

Right now, before the time for the usual spring cleaning arrives, would be a good time to put through a housecleaning law over here such

a housecleaning law over here such as they have in Japan.

It's one of those laws which, although they don't necessarily make the houses any cleaner, certainly do give the neighbors a treat. You're required to move all the furniture out of the house when cleaning it. and give everything a thorough air-

ing.

While this is being done, an inspector goes through the rooms to make sure that you've gotten the cobwebs out of all the corners. Then he comes out, pastes an O. K. label on the door and you move

Such a regulation as this would give the women on every street a fine chance to see what their neigh-bors really have. Ordinarily, they have to be content with a glimpse of the rugs, when they're taken out into the back yard for a beating, or possibly they get a slant on the holes in the lace curtains when they are put on the stretcher on the

But a thorough, undisguised view of all of Mrs. Brown's goods and chattels, including that funny old bureas which she keeps in the attic, is an event which would give Mrs. Jones something to gossip about for weeks.

While a complete inventory of the

while a complete inventory of the goods and chattels of Mrs. Jones, including the faded plush armchair and the stuffed canary in the glass case, would be a treat for Mrs. Brown's eyes which she would long remember.
On the whole, the Japanese sys-

tem ought to tend to make women more satisfied with what they've got—especially if they were to extend the principle to the point of making a sidewalk display of husbands during the spring cleaning.

A husband is never seen to worse advantage than at housecleaning time. If placed on view along with the furniture the impression would doubtless be so bad that he would never be in any danger of being

Fatal accidents in London, due to motor traffic, increased from 359 in 1917 to 584 in 1919, while non-fatal accidents increased from 7,107 to 13.197.



The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$590 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous off the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes asspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employers real business is.

Her employer, after paying her many compilments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses a desire to be introduced

compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the
office appresses a desire to be introduced
to her sweetheart, which amanes her.

Willard swears to Edith that he is not
in love with the Spanish girl and that
there is no cause for jealousy. He tells
Edith her employer will bear watching
and asks her to spy on Alvarez. She reluctantly comsents. While rummaging
through her employers desk she finds a
picture of the same Spanish girl with
whom she saw her sweetheart dining.
Later she is further surprised by a request from her sweetheart that she introduce him to her employer. By means
of a piece of carbon paper which she secreted in the typewriter roller. Edith
gets a copy of a cryptic telegram her
employer sent to someone in Mexico.
When she telephones her sweetheart about
her employer's mysterious conduct. Willard knows more about it than she can
teil him.

little Mat burg road house.
I really never would have gone

been for Willard. Not that I didn't

trust Mr. Alvarez. Because I dil.

But the mere word "roadhouse" has such an insidious sound. In all my

sazzing around I've always fought

But really, they aren't a hit wicked. Or at least this one was a't. Of course, it may all depend on the

I sdmit I was a bit disappointed.

To Off Ward

Ill Health

takes an average of a little over

one out of every eight people. Too much heat can be the cause of

pneumonia, and heat without mois-

ture is especially likely to cause

The chief reason for the danger

in lack of moisture in the atmos-

phere of living quarters is that when we leave a dry, hot room

which has lowered our vitality and so out of doors into a normally

moist atmosphere we are exposed

suddenly to what might be called a

change of climate, and are likely to

catch cold or to contract some

serious infection such as pneu-

Living continuously in a hot and

of the respiratory tract.

dry house weakens resistance and causes permanent injury to the

Under these circumstances the membranes of the nose and throat

are exposed to an evaporating

process and the mucous glands are

worked overtime in the attempt to

keep these membranes moist with

a resulting tendency to affections

of the nose and throat such as ca-

tarrh, and to hardened and devital-

ized membrances, which have be-

which come into contact with them.

ized membranes, which have be-

an arid home climate may become

One way of increasing the rela-

with a water reservoir which min-gles moisture with heat. If the house is heated with radiators, the

best way to moisten the air is to

place a pan of hot water on top of each radiator. Water should also

be placed upon gas er oil stoves.

Not only is the respiratory tract

serious troubles.

glands

VERHEATED living quarters

can be the direct cause of

pneumonia, and this disease

shy of them.

Tonight, for instance. It was while we were out at that

"But I-I don't at all mind your having a highball," I said, thinking

I haven't had a good time.

Have hesitated to give my views

will be criticised the same as

crazy for writing such stuff.

have criticised so many of the let-ters myself. My wife reads the

letters and thinks they all are

traveled since I was fifteen years

of age, alone, and am now at the

turning point age in a man's life, thirty. Have been to the Orient,

South America, Cuba, Canada and

traveled extensively in the United States and after coming back from

two years in Japan, I met, fell in

love, and married a woman who has

one of the noblest hearts that God

and the war broke out and I en-

One year after coming back we

had a baby come to us and things

were moving good. I was at last

working and making a good living

I am at present making a little better than \$150.00 a month and

getting compensation from the Gov-

have yet to have our first misunder-

standing. Life in this house goes

along like a song and I know that

my wife thinks more of me every

am tired of this married life and I

hope that she never finds it out.

Would not do anything in the world to hurt her if I could help

in this town who was married. We

met under rather peculiar circum-

stances and after telling me her troubles I told her I was also mar-

ried. To make a long story short,

our friendship soon grew into some-thing more which neither of us

could seem to help and to make it

all the worse, she divorced her hus-

band and wanted me to do the same

with my wife. But I cannot do it as I cannot hurt her in any way

and I have every reason to believe

I give her everything. I respect

her more than any woman I have

ever known. She has a maid and

am making life as easy for her as

I can. Trying to atone for the things that I do that she knows

nothing about. She deserves to be

set upon a pedestal as an example

to all the world. Is marriage a

two is dissatisfied with something

and may be living the life of de-ceit that I am, making the wife

success? No! Always one of

that it would nearly kill her if thing like that happened.

Last summer I met a young lady

Now comes the queer part. We

made. Married eight months

admit was certainly very consider-

ciable. And it's ridiculous to say you can't have a good time without a cocktail. I could count all the cocktails I've had in my young life

NOTHING TO DRINK.

There were a lot of automobiles out in front. But I didn't see many

people. I reckon they were all in

private dining rooms, like Mr. Al-

varez and I were. Yes! We had a private dining

room. But it was all perfectly proper. There was nothing to drink.

At least I didn't drink anything.

Mr. Alvarez had a little silver flask

of whiskey. And at first he insisted

that I have a highball. But I wouldn't do it. And it didn't take

me long to make him understand.

have to drink with a man to be so-

on one hand if all my fingers were cut off. And I defy anybody to say Mr. Alvarez was very nice when I refused to have anything to drink. thought it was a good joke or some-

"Oh, well, if you won't—I won't either" Mr. Alvarez said, after the waiter had gone. Which you must

"No fun drinking alone," he And the subject wasn't

referred to again. Not between Mr. Alvarez and me, that is. It was referred to the following morning, I believe. I overheard Mr. Alvares and Ochi talking in their private office.
"You find out much?" Ochi asked

and I could hear through a crack in the door.
"Not a damned thing," Alvarez answered. "She—if I could have—if she'd taken a drink or two I'm sure she'd have told. But she wouldn't take a thing-not a damned drop."

course I couldn't be certain that Mr. Alvarez referred to me. I—naturally I hate to think he did. But I-somehow back in my head there's beginning to grow a sus-picion that perhaps Willard has been right in the things he has

A TOOL And I'm beginning to wonder if

he isn't trying to use me for a tool to find out things about Willard, just as Willard is trying to use me for a tool to discover things about

And the funny thing is that I don't know a blessed thing about either-nothing definite, that is, that I could lay my hands on.

doesn't. It is impossible to get two people of the same traits and how

many of us are living an invisible divorce? W. M. A.

DON'T FACE IT ALONE.

with. Whatever faults this mar

may have, we will give him credit

for being honest with you in the be-ginning. You should have dis-missed him at once, but I under-stand you love him so much you

were like a drowning man holding

to a straw, and inasmuch as you

don't let him get by with it. Now then, my advice to you is to

have this man call at your home,

call your mother in and tell her be-fore him and be careful and tell the

truth, and in the meantime give him to understand you will tell the girl he is engaged to. She should

know, because a man that will get

a girl in trouble and have the nerve

to ask her not to get him in any trouble would not make any woman

marry him, knowing how he has used you, she is no better than he.

If he did not promise to marry you,

of course your pride would not let

afraid to let him know you are

woman enough to face your trouble.

but at the same time you do not

Bible Test

Applied

A man will commit perjury with

an easier conscience than a woman.

is the belief of Mrs. Ogilvie, woman

Canadian customs inspector at

Bridgeburg, Ont. When Mrs.

Ogilvie passes through trains bound

for the United States she asks pas-

sengers if they have any dutiable

goods. If they reply in the negative

she produces a Bible and asks them

to repeat their statements under

A large number of the woman

passengers, rather than deliberately

tell a falsehood under oath, then

admit they have dutiable goods, said Mrs. Ogilvie. But the men

don't hesitate so much in swearing

intend to face it alone. A. B. H.

If the girl he is engaged to would

good husband.

My Dear Heartbroken: I am go-

The title must consist of three words or less. Story Written By Winnie Davis Freeman

One thing I do know is that I ve been congratulating myself all day on not taking that drink with Mr. Alvarez and not letting him kiss me Is Marriage a Success? which he tried to do while we were driving home from that roadhouse. But after all I don't suppose should be congratulating myself as much as I should congratulate Willard, because it's probably due to him that I didn't let Mr. Alvarez kiss me. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and Mr. Alvarez has a most adorable smile, and I—well, I'm sure it isn't every girl who would refuse a kiss from him.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

'Patch' Is Coming Back WHO wore the first patch? The most likely response is: some one with a black eye.

At any rate, some one with something to hide. Whoever wore the first one does not matter so much as the fact that there were many to follow the innovator. A dispatch from Paris states that the chic Parisiennes have taken to wearing patches again, little round patches made to go with black gowns.

The custom is known to have started in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a reign notable for countless other innovations. They did not become common, however, until the reign of James I. and obtained their greatest vogue in the Georgian era.

"Black patches are worn," says a writer of the period, "some for pride, some to stay the rheume and some to hide." Nowadays their function is chiefly that of enhancing the personal beauty of against evil and disease is no longer vogue. In those eras black and colored

paints frequently alternated with the bits of courtplaster. It is likely that the American Indians, whose presence in England exerted such an effect on the imaginations of the English, may have been responsible for the vogue of paints and patches, their costume consisting chiefly of paint. Some of the patches were ex-

treme. There is a woodcut which represents a woman as wearing on her forehead a cutout of a coach, coachman, horses and postillons. Other shapes taken by the patches were stars, crescents and crosses, It was not uncommon for a woman to wear patches on each cheek, on chin and on forehead at the same

\$100

submits the best title

Read the story every day in

The Washington Times and, when the last instalment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles.

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self and my attitude toward the man I was asked to accept as my father. I wondered if I ought to feel affection for him instead of the ugly emotions so near blind hatred, and logining.

"Yes, madam?" asked Lypns turning around and addressing me and addressing me This serial story has no name. The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person

"What did you think I said, Lyons?" I saked, taking refuge behind the question.

But at that moment Lyons slumped down abruptly, facing away from me and out toward the street. He pulled his coat collar up and yanked his cap down with quick gestures. Looking back in the derection he had been facing when he cringed away so strangely, I observed Dad Lee coming out of the door of the hotel and making

for the car. In another second he

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: When a man and girl who were very much in love and were to become engaged as soon as he 'made good" have stopped going together, because he deliberately broke an engagement and in his letter of apology said he thought perhaps things were better as they are, should the girl return his Christmas gift to get back one of her rings he was wearing, but was not a gift? The girl in question also gave him a Christmas present but does not want it returned. She has asked him several time sto return the ring, but he has not done so, although he no

longer wears it. They are friends now and are soon to go together to a dance to which she has to bring an escort. Should she offer to return the Christmas gift that evening? He said he would return her ring them.

UNDECIDED.

There is no reason why the girl should return the young man's present, especially since they are friends again. Probably after the dance, she will be willing for him to wear the ring a while longer,

Maryland Cooking

Recipes From the Melwood Cook Book.

(Clip them out and pasts them your scrap book.)

SOLD LOAF CAKE. 11/2 cups sugar.

1/2 cup rich milk. eggs. cups flour.

2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon or grange ex-tract, a teaspoonful of each is good. Ice heavily with chocolate or white icing. Mrs. Fred Binger. BAKED POTATOES.

Pear and slice as many potatoes as may be needed for the family, then cover the bottom of a baking over this an onion sliced, and pepper, sait and a tablespoonful of flour. Repeat this order, till the dish is full. Pour over all milk and bake for an hour or more in hot oven.—Mrs. Percy Duvall. (Copyright, 1920; by Mrs. Percy Duvall.)

was swinging open the door and clambering in at my side. "Hyland will be here in half a mo"," he piped in his queer, this

Then, as I turned sagerly Then, as I turned eagerly to-watch for Father Andrew, I noticed a man lounging near the hotel en-trance. He was thin and shabby and wore a plaid cap pulled low-over his eyes. Bat ears stood out in wide flares on either side of the cap. He was staring intently at our car, smiling crookedly and jete-our car, smiling crookedly and jete-ting down something on his cuff. At that moment Father Andrew's jovial voice hailed us, and theff. At that moment Father Andrew's jovial voice hailed us, and theff. Lyons did another astonishing thing. Without awaiting orders he threw in the clutch and the car sailed off flown the street. At the corner he turned and made for the avenue. Not until we had traversed half a dozen crosstown blocks did he turn and ask respectfully:

"Anywhere special you want to

"Anywhere special you want to "You know the points of interest for an hour or two of sightseeing. Lyons?" I replied, something in his strained, intent expression preventing me from reproving him for the way he had transcended orders.

"Yes, Mrs. Harrison. Thank you ma'am." he replied. "You know the points of interest

But as we spun up the avenue I noticed that the droop of dejection never left Lyons' shoulders, and I wondered what connection there could be between him and-

the bat-eared man.

"Well, here we are, we three as come as you please," said Dad Lee, settling back among the cushions of the car with an air of great satisfaction. "And now to make sure
I don't start out with no—any
handicap from my loving daughter.
suppose you tell her, Hyland, how it
was that I sacrificed myself all
these years for her an' her mother."

son family plus my new-found par-ent, I braced up and tried to act as a guide to the points of interest AN UGLY THING. "Perhaps you'd better tell her yourself when you're alone," sug-gested Father Andrew gently. It was a drive of only a few blocks to the hotel Father An-arew had selected. When we arrived, he thoughtfully suggested that I stay out in the car while

"No! You go ahead; we ain't neither of us keen for the sob stuff," chirped my father. "Wife desertion is an ugly thing. "Wife desertion is an ugly thing. Babbsie dear," said Father Andrew gently, seeking to read my thoughts and answer them. "But before we apply that name to your father's disappearing all those years ago, we must be sure we understand just why he acted as he did. You can make up your mind that when a man goes off to the ends of the earth and leaves his wife it's fore a reason almost beyond other people's understanding." ple's understanding." Yes, I can understand that," 1

gasped. (To Be Continued Tuesday.)

BOOKS

It was said recently that Mrs. Asquith received for her recollections something like £13,000, or \$50,000, and this estimate has been early, if not premature calculation, and the statement made that Mrs. Asquith's monetary compensation has been two or three times as great as the amount first named.

"Margot" is in high spirits about it. She has sent a handsome piece of plate to her publisher, and so far from having made any impression on her, the recent flood of criticism is simply imputed in the Asquith household to party motives and literary jealousy. So the misgivings of the ex-Premier and his sons appear to have been in great measure overruled, and the sec ond volumes, when they appear, will be all the livelier because they come nearer to date.

Kathleen Norris has succumbed to the cinema and will go to Culver City to learn the fundamentals of screen writing upon her return from

Arthur Ransome has written another book on Russia, called other book on Russia, called "The Crisis in Russia," announced for immediate publication by B. W. immediate publication by B.

Sherwood Anderson, author of "Poor White" (Huebsch), has written slices of his own life into his books. What education he got was picked up in barrooms, stores and in the street. He has been a manufacturer, a soldier in the Spanish war and an advertiser. As a new mode of expression he turned to painting, without any previous training—salable pictures, too, ac-cording to accounts from the exhibition held in Chicago last winter. He is contemplating a visit to Europe, and it will be interesting to note what effect a trip abroad will have upon such a strictly in-

digenous writer. "Beauty and Mary Blair," a novel of American adolescence, has just been issued by Houghton Mifflin Company. The author, Ethel M. Kelly, was the original of the fic-Dreiser's recent short stories.

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